

THE DODGE CITY TIMES.

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ONE THAT'S DEAD.

It is the hour when all things rest:
The sun sits in the hampered west;
And looks along the golden street
That leads o'er ocean to his rest.

Sea-birds, with summer on their wing,
Down the wide west are journeying,
And one white star serenely high
Peeps through the purple of the sky.

O sky, and sea, and shore, and air,
How tranquil are ye now, and fair!
But twice the joy ye were ye
If one that's dead companioned me.

—Blackwood.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

We had been telling stories, as we sat around the fire, one evening—adventures by land and sea, scraps of personal experience, tales of family tradition, the hundred floating memories that are seized, in passing at such a time. It came to the doctor's turn to speak, when we were all laughing merrily at some jest following a scrap of legal experience.

The doctor is a grave, reserved man, not much inclined to open his volume of personal recollections at any time. But after a moment's pause he told his story:

When I was a student at Heidelberg, having nearly completed my medical studies, I had an adventure or experience that I have never told before, though there are others living who know the circumstances as well as I did.

There had been a supper in the room of one of the wildest of our students, Herrmann Schonn, and we were all merry making, with rather more noise than was in strict accordance with college regulations, when a rap at our door caused an instant of profound silence to reign in the room.

We opened the door. Upon the threshold stood a figure, tall, gaunt, and in the last stage of entire wretchedness.

The face that thus disturbed our merry making was that of youth, though hunger and misery had made appalling havoc there. White and parched, the skin was tightly drawn over the bones; the eyes, large and black, were deeply sunken in their sockets, and the hair was dry and thin.

Upon the tall, wasted figure the clothing hung loosely, while its shabby condition confirmed the tale of want in the wan aspect of the emaciated figure.

Standing in the doorway, ragged and miserable, there was yet that in the man's voice and face that told of better days, of education, and some acquaintance with the courtesies and refinements of good society.

"Do you buy the dead?" he asked. It was a shock to hear the question where life had been so exuberant for hours. We hesitated a moment before one of the party answered. "All medical men need bodies for dissection and study."

"I mean that. I have one to sell."

"Where?"

"I will tell you if you purchase."

"But, my man," one said, impatiently, "we do not buy bodies in this irregular way. There might be crime to hide."

"No," he answered, shuddering, "there is nothing to fear in that respect. More, I will prove to you, when you claim your purchase, that the dead man himself desired this disposal of his body."

Then, abruptly, he said, "Is there no Englishman here?"

"I am an Englishman," I answered.

"You can tell me, then, what it will cost to go to London—all the expenses, but the cheapest means of doing it."

I made a calculation and named the result.

"Will you give so much for the body I have to sell?" the stranger asked.

It was a large sum, and there was some discussion, but finally Herrmann said: "If everything is right, we will pay you what you ask. But there is something suspicious in the whole business."

"I do not ask for payment until you receive the body," was the answer, earnestly given. "To-morrow, if you will take this order to the address upon it, you will be convinced that all is regular. I am no assassin, gentlemen!"

As he spoke, he took from the breast pocket of his shabby coat a folded paper.

Opening this, he wrote, in a blank left for it, the sum I had named—sufficient to pay one person's expenses to London, traveling second-class.

Handing the paper to me, he said: "You will pay the money to the person who is in charge of the body."

With a bow that would not have disgraced a royal reception, he was gone.

We looked into each other's faces. All the merriment was gone out, and a vague uneasiness was written upon every countenance.

"Foul play!" Herrmann said; "shall we send the police to the address?"

"Wants to escape to England," said another, "and we have favored him!"

"Suppose we back out now?" I suggested.

But the mystery was interesting, and before we separated, three of us, Herrmann and myself of the number, had agreed to go to the address left with us, and find the solution.

It was still early in the day when we met again, and wended our way to the humble locality indicated. I think no stranger could have found it. Even Herrmann, a citizen, and thoroughly familiar with all the streets, knew nothing of the narrow courtway we found after an almost endless variety of tortuous twists and turns.

The house, when reached, proved to be one of the abodes of poverty in its most naked hideousness.

Swarms of dirty children flocked in the streets, and want and misery were on every side.

Our knock was unheeded, and after repeating it, Herrmann suggested that probably one entrance did duty for several rooms and floors occupied by different families, and pushed the door open.

A narrow entry led us to a room at the back, and again we knocked. The door was opened by a tidy woman, who was cooking, and who, in answer to our inquiries for Karl Urban, told us, "Alas!" you will find only his dead body."

I looked again at the order. The signature was bold and clear.

"Karl Urban."

"His mother is in the room," the woman told us. "She will let no one remain with her. Her son took poison. I have seen him, but his mother drives us all away."

"They were very poor?" Herrmann asked.

"Starving! They were great people once, but there was some loss. I do not know all. Fritz, the elder son, went to London; but there was a quarrel, and the mother stayed with Karl. I have heard that Fritz said his mother could not come to him except she came over Karl's dead body—but I do not know. It may be it is all gossip. But the mother and Karl grew poorer and poorer, and he could get no work to do, being a gentleman and not a working-man. They sold all, little by little—jewels, clothes, furniture. Yesterday Karl told us his mother would go to Fritz in London, where she would find a home and wealth. But last night he took poison. No one knew until we heard his mother's screams at daybreak, and we went to the room. There was a letter stating that he had taken the poison himself. For myself I cannot read, but there were others there who said the letter confessed that. The mother fainted for a long time, but when she knew herself again drove us all away. There are many in the house would be glad to be kind to her, but she will not speak to any, or let any one in."

Thanking the woman, we mounted the narrow staircase to the room she indicated. At the threshold we paused.

"You have the money?" Herrmann said to me in a low tone.

"Yes; but will you claim the corpse now?"

"Never!" was the quick reply.

"Ah! such devotion! He should have told us. We will give him a Christian burial, will we not?"

"Yes," said our companion, "and the mother shall go to Fritz in London."

Again and again we knocked, meeting a profound silence in the chamber of death.

Finally, very slowly and reverently, Herrmann opened the door.

We lifted our caps, and followed him!

Never have I seen such bare poverty as I saw represented in that room. Every article of furniture was gone, except-

ing a wretched mattress in one corner, over which was spread a coarse white sheet. Extended upon this, in the rigid sleep that knows no waking, was the man who had stood in our doorway but a few hours before.

Save that his eyes were closed, he was scarcely more corpse-like in appearance in the actual clutch of death than he had been when he made his despairing bargain with us. The same ragged garments still covered his limbs, and one wasted hand was crossed over his breast.

The room was dimly lighted, the shutters of the window being closely drawn, but we could see an open door facing the one by which we had entered, and beside a chair there a woman was kneeling.

Over her shoulders her gray hair fell, as if she had left it untouched after her night's repose. Her dress, of coarse, blue woolen, covered her feet as she knelt, and her face was hidden in the clasped hands resting on the chair before her.

Leaving my companions still standing beside the suicide, I entered the room to offer what poor comfort was in my power. At least I could dissipate some of the awful poverty, and send the sorrowing mother to her surviving son.

I spoke to her gently twice. Then my heart filled with horror. I lifted the gray head, tenderly, reverently. Upon the staring blue eyes, the dropped jaw, the drawn features, the same seal was set as in the room beyond upon her son's face. His last sacrifice, his act of devotion beyond the grave, both were in vain. The mother's heart was broken, and she followed to death the son to whom, through poverty and suffering, she had clung in life.

We gave them Christian burial, and in the mother's coffin I put the farewell letter of her son. It was as follows:

"I cannot endure the sight of your misery another day. Every avenue seems closed to me by that crime which separated me from my brother. Every resource is gone, and starvation is inevitable. I cannot get work. I dare not beg, for I may be recognized and arrested. To-morrow, after I take the poison that stands before me, you will receive a sufficient sum to take you to Fritz—the price of my body which I have sold to-night to the medical college. I have nothing else to sell. May Fritz prove a better son than I have been. I dare not ask a blessing for you; my lips are sealed by my sins, and a blessing from them would prove a curse. But forgive me—for in death, as in life, I love you. KARL."

We told no more stories that night, for the doctor rose soon after, and his departure broke up our party, none of us feeling any inclination for our former merry talk, after the dismal tragedy the doctor offered as his contribution to our budget of stories.

Getting It Out of Him.

THEY had just the loveliest sleighing in Philadelphia all last week, and young Keepitup was out enjoying it all one afternoon. When he drove into the stable, oh, but the man was mad. He roared when he looked at the horse and danced around, and as Uncle Remus says, "he cussed, he did."

"Look at that hoss," he wailed, "look at that hoss! Ain't a dry hair on him an' he's nigh ready to drop. That's a pretty lookin' way to bring in a hoss. Nice man, you are, to let a good hoss to!"

Young Keepitup was fairly astonished. "Man alive!" he yelled, picturing his amazement in his voice, "and what did you expect when I hired him? When a horse is costing me an even five dollars an hour he's got to keep moving, you understand. When I'm paying out more than eight cents every minute, I can't afford to let no horse lean up against an ice-box while he figures out the oat crop of the United States for 1880. I did my level best to keep my whip arm warm, and then I couldn't get more than \$4.25 an hour out of him. I didn't hire the horse to rest him. Now, if you had only charged fifteen cents an hour I would have the horse fed every thirty minutes while I was out, and I would have rocked him to sleep in my arms, wrapped him up in blankets and laid him in the sleigh and hauled him back to the stable myself. That is the difference, you see, Mr. Silkcracker. Here's your money, and I want the same horse or a better one next Saturday afternoon, if the snow holds on."

And he went away, while Mr. Silkcracker stood looking alternately at the money and the horse, thinking it all over. —Burlington Hawkeye.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

THE late Charles Tennyson Turner was the author of three hundred and forty-one sonnets, against Petrarch's three hundred and seventeen.

A LADY is at the head of the Tennessee State Library, Mrs. Hatton, and she and her daughter keep its twenty thousand volumes in useful order.

MR. A. BRONSON ALCOFF talks thus about Hawthorne: "He was not well finished except his head. He was somewhat awkward and ungainly, but his head was grand and almost perfect. It was large, of Websterian shape; his eyes luminous and expressive, and his voice was magnificent."

MR. HERBERT SPENCER is to start on his philosophical tour of the world in the spring of 1881. He will be accompanied by two secretaries, and it is not unlikely that his friend, Professor Huxley, will, for biological purposes, form one of the party. Mr. Spencer's work on the subject will, like his study on sociology, be published in installments in the magazines.

SOME of the sketches of George Eliot say that Mr. Herbert Spencer taught her several languages, but Mr. Lewes, in a note written three or four years since, said that when she first met Spencer he knew only one language while she was mistress of seven. Her earnings amounted to an average of \$9,000 a year, which, for as great a genius, is not overwhelming.

LORD BEACONSFIELD sent a presentation copy of "Endymion" to the Queen, to which she devoted immediately the first mornings after her return from the Scottish highlands. The other ladies who received the distinction were Lady Chesterfield, who is a special friend of Lord Beaconsfield, and whose husband was an associate of his in his youth, and Lady Bradford, who is her sister. Lord Beaconsfield visits their country seats every season.

The late Mrs. Grote, as a girl, was so strong and high spirited that she was called "the Empress." She rode without a saddle, and went out on the sea in a fishermen's boat alone with her sister. She made a kind of runaway match with the historian. After being engaged to him for two years she grew tired of waiting for her father's consent, and one March morning she slipped away to a neighboring church, got married without anyone knowing, and came back to breakfast as if nothing had happened.

HUMOROUS.

WHEN a grocer advertises every variety of "raisins" for sale, does he include derrieks, pulleys, jack screws, yeast, rope and tackle and that sort of thing? —Staubenville Herald.

WE see an article in the paper about boy inventors. We hope they will invent a boy who won't whistle through his fingers and yell on the streets at night. —Cincinnati Saturday Night.

"THERE is no place like home," but nine men out of ten will leave it six months a year for a \$2,000 Government office in Washington. And the tenth man will accept a \$1,500 position. —Norristown Herald.

THE world is like a skating park, nice when you can slide smoothly over its surface, but cruel and cold to sit down on when you get your feet knocked from under you. —Whitchell Times.

MISTRESS—As you've never been in service, I'm afraid I can't engage you without a "character." Young Person—I have three School-Board certificates, ma'am. Mistress—Oh, well, I suppose for honesty, cleanliness—Young Person—No, ma'am; for literature, jogger phy, an' free 'and drawin'! —London Punch.

A BALTIMORE philosopher says that no man can ever rise above that at which he aims. At the same time we have known a man to aim to be a Mississippi river steamboat captain, and rise above his position about one hundred and fifty feet. He was greatly esteemed by the company. —New York Commercial.

HOW IT WORKED. There was a man in our town. He was so wondrous wise; He thought his business would run itself, And he didn't advertise.

Well, business was dull at first. But better times came, and it's queer, One day with a rush he sold all his stuff, But the sheriff was auctioneer.

—Cincinnati Plain Dealer.